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Geranium next he rudely caught,
But, doom'd in this attempt to fail,
Repeated efforts only brought
Fresh odours to the passing gale.

" 'Tis thus," he said, " that virtue springs
Elastic from the touch of woe,
Care's pressure oft her bosom wrings,
But cannot lay her beauties low."

" In adverse winds and threat'ning skies,
Where dangers lurk, or ills await,
Virtue is ever seen to rise
Superior to the frowns of fate.

" Whilst earth-born bliss, like roses gay,
The devious path of life adorns,
But pluck'd, it quickly fades away,
And leaves us mortals nought but
thorns."

June 7, 1813.

THE THRUSH.

TWAS eve, and the sun had just sunk
from our sight;
As he ting'd with his gold-streaming splen-
dour the West;
Dim twilight preceded the dark-bosom'd
night,
And the woodland's wild choristers hasten-
ed to rest.

One only remain'd, on a thorn's topmost
spray,
Whence sweetly he pour'd his soft notes
on the gale;
With the skill of an artist he raised his
lay,
Now brisk seem'd the catches, now plaintive
the tale.

" 'Tis thus, when adversity's shades are de-
scending,
And joy's rosy tints are withdrawn from
the mind,
Tho' chill be the blast, and the tempest
impending,
Hope, solace of sorrow, still lingers be-
hind.

I listen'd with rapture, as borne on the
breeze,
The strains of rich melody floated around,
So simple, so soothing, so suited to please,
That devotion itself was inspir'd by the
sound.

And longer the song would have swell'd
on my ear,
And the music have longer continu'd to
charm,
But quick the gale rose, and the warbler,
thro' fear,
Sought a branch less exalted, less subject to
harm.

Ah! hapless removal! for as he essay'd
His wild notes again, fate arrested his
breath—
Grimalkin, who long the fair prize had
survey'd,
Caught, crush'd, and consign'd the poor
flutterer to death.

Many years have elaps'd since his music
was heard,
Soft warbling amidst the thorn's foliage so
green,
Yet oft-times I think on the beautiful bird,
And this is the moral I draw from the
scene:

That when HOPE sits aloft from this world
and its care,
We may listen with safety, for bliss is in
store;
But if earthward she flies, caution whis-
pers, " beware,
Let the song of the syren delight thee no
more."

11th January, 1814.

SELECTED POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM BOSVILLE,
ESQ., OF THROPE-HALL, YORKSHIRE,
DEC. 16TH, 1813.

He was a staunch friend to freedom,
and to Parliamentary Reform; and
his purse has been always freely open-
ed to the relief of the persecuted pa-
triots, who have incurred the ven-
geance of government, in their en-
deavours to secure freedom by ob-
taining reform.

" *Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.*"

LOV'D by his friends, and by his foes
esteem'd,
For even foes by goodness are redeem'd;
Above all meanness, for he knew no pride,
Unaw'd by death, unblemish'd Bosville
died.